

TARTANA OR, THE PLAID.

By *ALLAN RAMSAI*



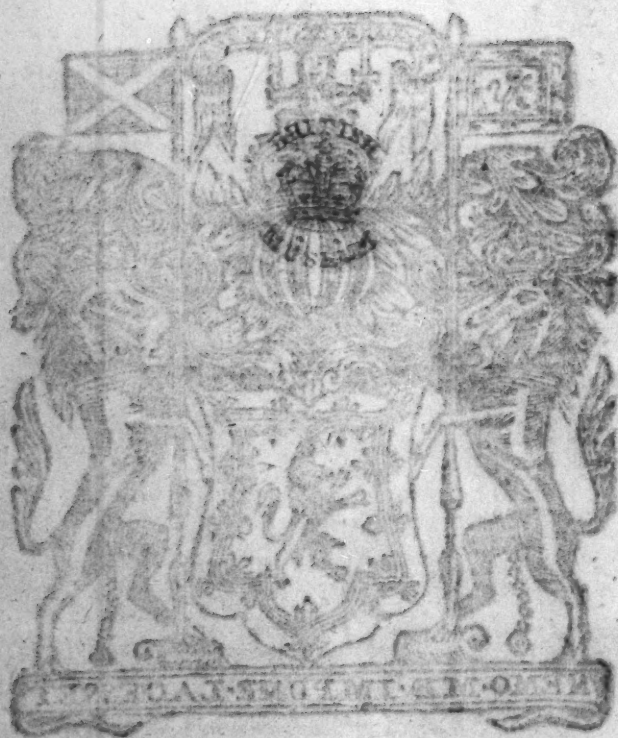
EDINBURGH:

TARTAN

OF THE

PLAID

By ALLAN RAMSAY



EDINBURGH

TO THE
SCOTS LADIES,

Irresistible Charmers;



*W*ERE I Master of all the
Eloquence, with which the
flattering Tribe of Authors
frequently push their Enco-
miums, beyond the Verge of
Truth, I might safely say every Fine Thing
my Fancy could dictate to your Commendation
without being guilty of advancing ought,
what all the World knows to be true.

Being well persuaded your real Merit puts
you out of the Reach of Vanity: Allow me to
express my Sentiments; That the Eastern and
Western Worlds, and Nations remotest from
SCOTLAND, (where I hope this Poem

Consent of Mankind, you are acknowledged the fairest and handsomest, the most modest a Virgin, and chastest in a Nuptial Life; any of your Sex, from Pole to Pole.

What a vast deal might be said of your Piety, Industry, and Good-Humour, your honourable treatment of your Lovers, your Kind yielding to the Superior Judgement of your Husbands, your Care in educating your Children, and all these ineffable Charms, wherewith you can sweeten the Rough and Masculine Temper of a Nation of HEROES!

Best of your Kind,

As in the following; I have invoc'd you my Proper Muses, so with all Demonstrations of Respect, 'tis laid at your Feet, by,

LADIES,

*Your most Humble;
and devoted Servant,*

TO THE
 Ingenious AUTHOR
 OF

Captana or the Plaid

AS Once I view'd a Rural SCENE,
 With SUMMER'S Sweets, profusely wild;
 Such Joys sooth'd my giddy Sense,
 I ravish'd stood, while NATURE smil'd,

STRAIGHT I resolv'd and chose a Field,
 Where all the SPRING I might transfer;
 There stood the TREES in equal Rows,
 Here *Flora's* Pride in one Parterre;

THE Task was done, the Sweets were fled;
 Each Plant had lost its sprightly Air,
 As if they grudg'd to be confin'd,
 Or to their Will not matched were.

My Mind displeas'd the narrow SCENE;
 Which daily still more homely grew,

HERE NATURE wanton'd in Her Prime,
 Fancy rang'd, the boundless Vast,
 Each different Sight pleas'd with Surprise,
 welcom'd back the Pleasures past.

THUS some who feel *Apollo's* Rage,
 would teach their MUSE her Dress and Time,
 hamper'd so with Rules of Art
 they smother quite the vital Flame.

THEY daily chyme the same dull Tone,
 their MUSE, no daring *Sally's* Grace,
 stiffly held with Bit, and Curb,
 steps heavy Trot, tho' equal Pace.

BUT who takes NATURE for his Guide,
 all by Her gen'rous Bounty shine;
 EASY MUSE revells at Will,
 strikes new Wonder ev'ry Line.

KEEP then, my Friend, your native Guide,
 never distrust her plenteous Store,
 or less Propitious will she prove
 now, but if she can, still more.

TARTANA:

OR, THE

PLAID.



THE Caledonian BEAUTIES, who have
Been both my Muse, and Subject of my Song
Assist your BARD, who now in smooth
Lays

Designs the Glory of your PLAID to raise;
How my fond Breast, with blazing Ardour glows,
When e'er my Song, on You, just Praise bestows!

PHOEBUS, and His imaginary Nines

With me have lost the Title of DIVINE.

To no such *Shadows*, will I Homage pay;
 These to my **REAL MUSES** shall give Way;
 My Muses, who, on smooth meand'ring *Tweed*,
 Tray, thro' the Haughs, or grace the Clover-Mead;
 Or those who bath themselves where haughty *Clyde*,
 Goes roaring o'er his lofty Cat'racts ride;
 Or you, who on the Banks of gentle *Tay*
 Gain from the Flowers the early Dews of *May*,
 To varnish on your Check the Crimson Dye,
 Or make the White, the new fallen *Snows* outvie;
 And you who on *Edina's* Streets display,
 Millions of matchless **BEAUTIES** every Day
 Spir'd by you, what **POET** can desire
 To warm his **GENIUS** at a brighter Fire.

THE PLAIN I sing, I'll sing with all my Skill,

Count then O *Fancy*, Standard to my Will;

Be strong each Thought, run soft each happy Line;
 That Gracefulness, and Harmony may shine;
 Adapted to the BEAUTIFUL DESIGN:
 Great is the Subject, vast th' exalted Theme;
 And shall stand fair in endless ROLLS OF FAME

THE PLAID'S ANTIQUITY starts first in View
 And Precedence to this is always due;
 ANTIQUITY bears in't a certain Spell;
 To make ev'n Things of little Worth excell;
 To smallest Subjects gives a glaring Dash;
 Protecting High-born Ideots from the Lash:
 Much more 'tis valu'd when with Merit plac'd;
 It graces Merit, and's by Merit grac'd;

O First of GARBS! Garment of Mappy Fate!
 So long employ'd, of such an Antique Date;

Look back some Thousand Years till RECORDS fail,
 And lose themselves in some romantick Tale,
 We'll find how our FOREFATHERS proudly scorn'd
 To be with any other WEED adorn'd;
 Before base *Foreign Fashions* interwove,
 Which 'gainst their Int'rest, and their Bravery strove,
 'Twas they could boast their Freedom with proud Rome
 And arm'd in Steel, despise that Senate's Doom;
 Whil'st o'er the GLOBE their *Eagle* they display'd,
 And conquer'd Nations to them Homage pay'd,
 We only then unconquer'd, stood our Ground,
 And to the mighty *Empire* fixt the Bound.
 Our own bold NATIVE PRINCE then fill'd the Throne,
 His PLAID array'd, magnificently shone;
 Nor seem'd his Purple, or his Ermine less,
 Unmounted by the universal Dress.

In this the **THANES** at **COURT** made their Parade;
 With this the **Shepherds**, and the **Hinds** were clad;
 In this the **WARRIOR** wrapt his brawny Arms,
 With this our **Beauteous MOTHERS** veil'd their Charms
 Each Quality, Age, Sex, each Youth, each Maid,
 Deem'd it a *Deshabille* to want their **PLAID**.

O Heavens, how chang'd! How little looks their Race
 When *Foreign Chains*, with *Foreign Modes* take Place;
 When *East* and *Western-Indies* must combine,
 To make th' effeminate in their *Gew-gaws* shine.
 Thus while the *Grecian* Troops in *Persia* lay,
 And learn'd the Habit to be soft, and gay,
 By *Luxury* enerv'd, they lost the Day.

I ask'd *Varell*, what Soldiers he thought best;
 And thus he answer'd to my plain Request:

Were I to lead Battallions out to War,
 And hope to triumph in the Victor's Carr,
 To gain the loud Applause of worthy FAME,
 And Columns rais'd, to eternize my Name,
 I'd choose, had I my Choice, that hardy RACE
 Who fearless, can look Terrors in the Face,
 Who 'midst the Snows the best of Limbs can fold
 In TARTAN PLAIDS, and smile at chilling Cold.
 No useless Trash shou'd pain my Soldier's Back,
 Nor Canvass Tents make loaden Axles crack;
 No ratling Silks I'd to my Standards bind,
 But bright TARTANAS waving in the Wind,
 The PLAID alone shou'd all my Ensigns be,
 This Army from such Banners wou'd not flie:
 These, these were they, who naked taught the Way,
 To fight with ART, and boldly gain the DAY;

The conquering *Gustavus* stood amaz'd,
 While at their wond'rous Skill, and Force he gaz'd;
 With such brave Troops, one might o'er *Europe* run
 Make out what *Richlieu* fram'd, and *Lewis* had begun

DEGENERATE Men! --- Now Ladies please to sit,
 That I the *PLAID* in all its Airs may hit,
 With all the Power of Softness, mixt with Wit.

WHILE scorching *Titan* tawns the Shepherd's Brow
 And whistling Hinds sweat lagging at the Plow;
 The piercing Beams *BRUCINA* can defy,
 Not Sun-burnt she's, nor dazl'd is her Eye,
 Ugly's the Mask, the Fan's a triffling Toy,
 To still at Church, some Girl, or restless Boy:
 Fixt to one Spot's the Pine, and Myrtle Shades;
 But on each Motion wait th' *UMBRELLIAN PLAID*

pellling Dust, when Winds disturb the Air,
 and give a Check to ev'ry ill bred Stare.

LIGHT as the Pinions of the airy Fry,
 Larks and Linnets who traverse the Sky;
 the TARTANA spun so very fine;
 Weight can never make the FAIR repine,
 raising Ferments in her glowing Blood,
 which cannot be escaped in the Hood.

Or does it move beyond its proper Sphere,
 lets the Gown in all its Shapes appear;
 or is the Straightness of her Waste deny'd,
 be by every ravisht Eye survey'd;
 this the Hoop may stand at largest Bend,
 comes not nigh, nor can its Weight offend,

THE Hood and Mantle make the tender Faint;

By *Heather Jenny* in her Blanket drest
 The Hood and Mantle fully are exprest;
 Which round her Neck with Rags is firmly bound,
 While she her Heather-Besoms screams around.
 Was *Goody Stode* so great a Pattern say?
 Are ye to follow when such lead the Way?
 But know each FAIR who shall this *Sur-tout* use,
 You're no more SCOTS, and cease to be my Mu

THE smoothest Labours of the *Persian Loom*
 Lin'd in the PLAID, set off the BEAUTY'S Bloom
 Faint is the Gloss, nor come the Colours nigh,
 Tho' white as Milk, or dipt in Scarlet Dye.
 The Lillie pluckt by fair PRINGELLA grieves
 Out-done by Her White Hand, hangs all its Leaves.
 So sink the unstain'd Silks in our Esteem,
 Match'd with Her fairer Face, they fully'd seem.

If shining Red **CAMPBELL**'s Cheeks adorn
 'V' immediately conceive the blushing Morn;
 Beneath that Dawn the Sun of **BEAUTY** lies,
 For need we Light but from **CAMPBELL**'s Eye

If lin'd with Green **STUART**'s **PLAID** we view
 Or thine **RAMSEIA** edg'd around with Blew,
 One shews the **SPRING** when **NATURE** is most kind
 The other **HEAV'N** whose Spangles lift the **MIND**.

A Garden-Plot enrich'd with chosen **FLOWERS**,
 asking in Sun Beams, after vernal Showers,
 Where Tulips, Pinks, Daifies, and Violets,
 With Amaranths, in evenest Order set,
 edg'd round with sweetest Brier and Jessamine,
 The Rosie Thorn, and variegated Green;
 Give not so great a Pleasure to the View,
 As when **FERGUSIA**, Mortals gaze on you;

You raise our Wonder, and our Love engage;
 Which makes us Curse, and yet admire the Hedge;
 The Silk and TARTAN Hedge, which does conspire
 With you t' inflame with Love's soft spreading Fire:
 How many Charms can every FAIR ONE boast?
 And oft our Fancy's in the Plenty lost;
 These more remote these we admire the most;
 What's too familiar to us we despise,
 But Rarity makes still the Value rise!

THE chearing SUN, if shining all the Day;
 We're cloy'd, and lose the Pleasure of his Ray,
 But when behind the marly Cloud he hides
 His Beams sometime, then to the Azure glides;
 With fuller Gust, his Absence he repays
 When we are warm'd with his enliv'ning Blaze!

when the FAIR their dazling Lustres shroud,
 and disappoint us with a TARTAN Cloud,
 how fondly do we peep, with wishful Eye
 transported, when one lovely Charm we spy;
 at to our Cost, Ah me! We often find
 the Pow'r of Love strikes deep, tho' he be blind;
 arch'd on a Lip, a Cheek, a Chin, or Smile;
 us with Surprise, and throws young Hearts in Jail.

FROM when the Cock proclaims the Rising Day,
 and Milk-Maids sing around, *Sweet Curds and Whey,*
 grey ey'd Twilight Harbinger of Night
 hues o'er * Silver Mountains sinking Light,
 unwearied from my Casements view,
 PLAID with something still about it new.

how are we pleas'd when with a handsome Air
 we HEPBURNNA walk with easy Care;

One Arm half circles round her slender Waste,
 The other like an Ivory Pillar plac'd,
 To hold her PLAID around her modest Face,
 Which saves her BLUSHES with the gayest Grace:
 When in white Kids her Taper Fingers move,
 Or unconfin'd jett thro' the Sable Glove.

WITH what a pretty Action KEITHA holds
 Her PLAID, and varies oft its airy Folds?
 How does that naked Space the Spirits move,
 Between the ruff'd Lawn and envious Glove?
 We by the Sample, tho' no more be seen,
 Imagine all that's FAIR within the Skreen.

THUS BELLES in PLAIDS vail and display their Charms
 The Love sick YOUTH thus bright HUMELIA warms
 And with Her graceful Mien Her Rivals all alarms.

THE PLAID itself gives Pleasure to the Sight,
 To see how all its SETTS imbibe the Light,
 Finding some Way which ev'n to me lies hid,
 White, Black, Blue, Yellow, Purpur, Green, and Red
 At Newton's ROYAL CLUB through Prisms stare,
 To view celestial DYES with curious Care;
 I please my Self, nor shall my Sight ask Aid
 Of Chrystal Gimcracks, to survey the PLAID.

How decent is the PLAID when in the Pew
 It hides th' enchanting FAIR from Ogler's View?
 The Mind's oft croud'd with ill tim'd Desires,
 When NYMPHS unvail'd approach the sacred Quires;
 When SENATORS who guard the Common Weal,
 Their Minds may Rove: -- Are Mortals made of Steel?
 The finisht BEAUX stand up in all their Ains.
 And search out BEAUTIES, more than mind their Pray'rs.

The *Wainscot Forty Six's* are perplext
 To be eclips'd, Spite makes them drop the Text;
 The Younger gaze at each fine Thing they see,
 The ORATOR himself is scarcely free:
 Ye then who wou'd your PIETY express,
 To sacred Domes ne'er come in naked Dress;
 The Power of MODESTY shall still prevail;
 Othen Ye SCOTIAN VIRGINS use your native Va

THUS far young *Cosmell* read, then star'd, and curst
 And ask'd me very gravely how I durst
 Advance such Praises, for a Thing despis'd,
 He smiling swore I had been ill advis'd,

To You, said I, this may seem no Doubt true;
 And Numbers vast, not Fools, may side with you;
 As many shall my Sentiments approve,
 Tell me what's not the Butt of Scorn and Love?

ere Mankind all agreed to think one Way,
 hat would DIVINES and POETS have to say?
 Ensigns would on Martial Fields be spread,
 d *Corpus Juris* never wou'd be read:
 e'd need no Councils, Parli'ments, nor Kings;
 n Wit, and Learning, wou'd turn silly Things:
 u miss my Meaning still, I'm much affraid,
 ould not have them always wear the PLAID.

OLD Salem's ROYAL SAGE, of WITS the Prime,
 s for each Thing, *There is a proper Time*;
 ht's but AURORA'S PLAID; that ta'ne away,
 lose the Pleasure of returning Day.
 n through the Gloom, when view'd in sparkling Skies
 s scarcely seen, yet gratify our Eyes.
 hrough HAMILLA's op'ned PLAID, we may
 old her Heavenly Face, and heaving milky Way.

Spanish RESERVE, join'd with a *Gallic* AIR,
If manag'd well, becomes the SCOTIAN FAIR!

Now you say well, said he, " But when's the Time
That they may drop the PLAID without a Crime

Then I,

LEAST O fair NYMPHS ye should our Patience tire
And starch RESERVE extinguish gen'rous FIRE,
Since HEAV'N your soft victorious CHARMS design
To form a Smoothness on MAN's rougher Mind,
When from the bold and noble Toils of War,
The Rural Cares, or Labours of the Bar,
From these hard Studies, which are learn'd and grave,
And some from dang'rous riding o'er the Wave,
The Caledonian manly YOUTH resort;
To their EDINA, Love's Great Mart and Port;

and crowd her Theatres, with all that Grace
 Which is peculiar to the SCOTIAN Race;
 At Confort, Ball, or some Fair's Marriage Day;
 Then with FREEDOM all that's SWEET display;
 When BEAUTY's to be judg'd without a Vail,
 And not its Powers mete out as by Retail,
 But Wholesale, all at once, to fill the Mind
 With Sentiments, gay, soft, and frankly Kind:
 Throw by the PLAID, and like the Lamp of Day
 When there's no Cloud to intercept his Ray,
 To shine MAXELLA, nor their Censure fear,
 Who Slaves to Vapours, dare not so appear:

ON *Ida's* Height, when to the ROYAL SWAIN,
 To know who should the Prize of BEAUTY gain,
 LOVE sent his Two fair Daughters, and his Wife,
 That he might be the Judge to end the Strife,

HERMES was Guide, they found him by a Tree;

And thus they spoke, with AIR divinely free:

Say *Paris*, Which is fairest of us Three?

To *Jove's* high Queen, and the celestial Maids;

E'er he wou'd pass his Sentence, cry'd, NO PLAIDS.

Quickly the Goddesses obey'd his Call,

And in plain Nature's Dress he view'd them all,

Then to *Cytherea* gave the Golden Ball.

GREAT Criticks, Hail! Our Dread, whose Love or Hatred

Can with a Frown, or Smile, give VERSE its Fate;

Attend, while o'er this Field my FANCY roams;

I've somewhat more to say, and here it comes;

WHEN VIRTUE was a Crime, in *Tancred's* Reign

There was a noble YOUTH who wou'd not deign

To own for Sovereign one a Slave to Vice,

Or blot his Conscience at the highest Price;

or which his Death's devis'd with *Hellish Art*;
 To tear from his warm Breast his beating Heart;
 He told the *Tragick News* to all the FAIR,
 Whose num'rous Sighs and Groans bound through the Air,
 All mourn his Fate, Tears trickle from each Eye,
 Till his kind Sister threw the Woman by;
 He in his Head a gen'rous Off'ring stay'd,
 And he the Tyrant baulk'd, hid in her PLAID.
 When *Aeneas* with *Achilles* strove,
 His Divine Mother hasted from above,
 Well seen in FATE, prompt by MATERNAL LOVE,
 Wrapt him in Mist, and warded off the Blow
 That was design'd him, by his valiant Foe.

I of the PLAID could tell a Hundred Tales;

Then hear another since that Strain prevails.

THE Tale no RECORDS tell, it is so old,
 It happ'ned in the easy AGE OF GOLD,
 When am'rous JOVE Chief of th' Olympian Gods,
 Pall'd with Saturnia, came to our Abodes
 A BEAUTY-HUNTING, for in these soft Days,
 Nor Gods, nor Men, delighted in a Chase
 That wou'd destroy, not propagate their RACE;
 Beneath a Fir Tree in † Glantanar's Groves,
 Where, e'er gay Fabricks rose, SWAINS sung their Love
 IRIS lay sleeping in the open Air,
 A bright TARTANA vail'd the lovely FAIR;
 The wounded God, beheld Her matchless CHARMS
 With earnest Eyes, and grasp'd her in his Arms,
 Soon he made known to her with gaining Skill
 His Dignity, and Import of his Will.

ask thy Desire, the Divine Monarch said;
Make me a Goddess, cry'd the brave SCOTS MAID
Nor let *Hard Fate* bereave me of my PLAID.
thou the Hand-maid of my Mighty Queen,
I Jove, and to the World be often seen
With the celestial Bow, and thus appear
Dressed with these radiant Colours as thy Wear.

Now say my Muse e'er thou forsak'st the Field,
What Profit does the PLAID to SCOTIA yield?
Only that claims our Love, Esteem and Boast,
Which is produc'd within our Native Coast.
Our own Mountains grows the GOLDEN FLEECE,
Farther than that which *Jason* brought to Greece:
Beneficial Branch of ALBION's Trade,
The First Parent of the TARTAN PLAID.

Our Fair Ingenious **LADIES** Hands prepare
 The equal Threeds, and give the Dyes with Care;
 Thousands of Artists sullen Hours decoy
 On rattling Looms, and view their Webs with Joy;

I'm pleas'd to see **TARTANAS** now take Place;
 Which late on Mountains only shew'd their Face.

MAY she be curst to starve in *Frogland Fenns*,
 To wear a * *Fala* ragg'd at both the Ends,
 Groan still beneath an *antiquated Suit*,
 And die a Maid at *Fifty Five* to boot;
 May she turn *Quaggy Fat*, or *Crooked Dwarf*,
 Be ridicul'd while primm'd up in her *Scarf*,
 May *Spleen*, and *Spite*, still keep her on the *Fret*,
 And live till she out-live her *Beauty's Date*;

all this light, and more than I have said,
on that Wench who disregards the PLAID;

u with the Sun, let every Joy arise;

from soft Slumbers lift Her happy Eyes;

blooming Youth be fixt upon Her Face;

She has seen Her Fourth descending Race;

with a MATE with whom she can agree;

never want the finest of BOHEA:

ne'er the Miser's Fears make Her afraid;

joins with me, with me admires the PLAID;

bright TARTANAS henceforth ever shine,

CALEDONIAN GODDESSES enshrine.

EPILOGUE

FAIR JUDGES to your Censure I submit;
 If you allow this POEM to have Wit;
 I'll look with Scorn down on these musty Fools;
 Who only move by old worm eaten Rules;
 But with th' ingenious if my LABOURS take;
 I wish them Ten Times better for their Sake;
 Who shall esteem this Vain, are in the Wrong;
 I'll prove the Moral is prodigious strong:
 I hate to trifle, Men should act like Men;
 And for their Country only, draw their Sword, and Pen

FINIS

EPITOCUE

IF YOU JUDGE to your Country I submit;

If you allow this FORM to have it's

Will look with Scorn down on the wily Toady;

Who only more by old custom's Rules;

But with the ingenious if my LABOURS take;

I will show Ten Times better for their Sake;

Who shall esteem this Form, are in the Wrong;

I'll prove the Moral is prodigious strong;

I hate to trifle, Men should act like Men;

And for their Country only, draw their Swords, and Pen;

FINIS

